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library, those for a municipal reference library, current books and special reports, periodicals, government and state reports, society publications, company and trade publications, legislation, legal decisions and briefs, manuscripts, original records, blueprints, maps, etc., and finally co-operation in special library work. Should one about to form a library of almost any character have before him this paper he would without serious effort gather about himself, without other help, a splendid foundation upon which to build his immediate specialty. Much complementary discussion followed.

Following this the report of the Secretary-Treasurer discussed the widening aspects of the Association, the growth of its membership, both in numbers and in distribution, the financial condition of the society, the large number of inquiries which had been received by the secretary's office,

indicating the spread of the special library idea, the methods for advertising the Association and its activities which are of interest to the members, the results obtained in the past year through the Responsibility Districts established at the beginning of Mr. Handy's administration, the value and possibilities of the employment exchange operated through the secretary's office, and the contemplated brochure advocated by the Executive Board for placing before interested parties the important facts, such as the Association's growth, scope, purpose, constitution, membership, committees, printed literature available, etc.

After receiving the report of the Executive Board and accepting the same in toto and transacting such other business matters as remained, electing new officers, etc., the meeting adjourned sine die.

GUY E. MARION,
Secretary.

POST-CONFERENCE TRIP

Saturday noon, June 28, the post conference party left Hotel Kaaterskill with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret. The conference week with its happy reunion of old friends was past, and the prospect of a week of travel with its unknown possibilities of sight seeing and impromptu library conferences banished the depression that follows the breaking up of a happy party. Vexing details, as paying unusually large hotel bills, arguing with the drivers about double payment of bus fares and exorbitant tipping of porters to insure prompt delivery of trunks at the station, were soon forgotten. For a week we were to be care-free, shifting all responsibility and planning to our genial conductors, Mr. F. W. Faxon and Mr. C. H. Brown. Even trunks were forgotten, not only by the party, but by the railroad people until the casual inquiry of one of the party brought them to light and started them again on their journey.

The rapid descent by the Otis Elevating Railway with the accompanying ringing

sensations in the ears made us realize the great height at which we had lived the past week. We soon found ourselves in the heavier, warmer air of the sea level speeding towards Albany through the fertile farms of the Hudson Valley. We caught occasional glimpses of the Hudson, bearing on its sluggish tide the graceful, white-sailed, pleasure crafts and the clumsy, but vitally freighted, canal barges.

Comfortable quarters in Albany were found at the Hotel Ten Eyck, and the party spent the evening at the new Education Building visiting the new State library and library school. The building is considered one of the most beautiful in the world. It is certainly very beautiful when considered alone, but it is a pity that it could not have had a larger site and more advantageous setting. The general plan of the building with its magnificent distances gives a corridor appearance to all the library rooms except the reference room, which is superb in its general effect and equipment. The lighting scheme of this

room, which is both direct and indirect, is very effective. The absence of mural decoration is a marked feature, and the room in all its appointments is obviously set apart for serious study and work. The individual desks, which were planned by the librarian, attract immediate attention, as they are admirably arranged to give good light, convenience, and privacy to the student.

The new library school with its splendid outfit was of great interest to former students in the party who remembered the cramped and migratory quarters in the old school. Every feature that experience had suggested and foresight could devise seemed to be there to aid and inspire the student. The older students noticed with pleasure the portraits of Mr. Dewey and Mrs. Fairchild which adorned the walls of the main class room. Miss Woodworth had prepared a temporary exhibition of class photographs which aroused pleasing memories. The interest was divided between gratification at the growth in strength of character and success of the earlier classes and mirth at their costumes. A permanent exhibition which is the special pride of Miss Woodworth is the collection of work by the school alumni. This contains library reports, bulletins, and lists prepared in whole or in part by former students. There are also many books along historical and literary lines, photographs of libraries planned or remodeled by library school graduates, and photographs of the former students. This collection was most interesting in its tangible evidence of the success of the students. Miss Woodworth wants to make this collection as nearly complete as possible and a credit to the school. All former students are urged to send her a set of all their work, either printed or typewritten, and photographs of their libraries and of themselves, both when they were students and as they are now. All material sent to the school before the fire was burned.

On the next day, Sunday, all departments of the library were open to the visiting librarians and all went a second time

to see by daylight the splendid rooms, so admirably equipped and planned to give quick and efficient service to the reader. All left the library with a feeling of admiration for the knowledge, skill, and executive ability of those who had created from nothing in less than two years one of the great world libraries.

On Monday morning at an early hour we were hurried to the train to secure seats in the dining-car. Our English friend was aghast at this American custom of "first come, first served" so early in the morning, and we had to admit that in this case a previous booking of seats would have been more comfortable. We had the unexpected comfort, however, in this case, of early breakfast in a stationary dining-car. Our route that morning was through the Mohawk Valley along the Erie Canal with its placid mode of travel. Glimpses of the foothills of the Adirondacks broke up the monotony of the journey through this level country and gave us hints of the mountain scenery to come. The name "Adirondacks" suggested the rough, mountain wilderness and we were eager to reach it. At Utica we turned north and soon began to climb. The country became wilder and occasional log houses suggested pioneering. At Fulton Chain station we left the main line of the Adirondack division of the New York Central and in a short time our special car, which was now rather hot and dusty, was deserted at Old Forge for the little steamer on the First Lake of the Fulton Chain. We were in the wilderness at last and enjoyed to the utmost the few hours' ride through this chain of beautiful lakes. Hills and mountains were on all sides clothed with the forests in all their glory of early summer greenery. There were few signs of civilization and we felt as remote from our daily tasks of doing good to others as the most reprobate could desire.

Early in the afternoon we reached Eagle Bay Hotel at the head of Fourth Lake, our headquarters for several days. Our long delayed dinner was most welcome, as glorious air and scenery somehow fail to sat-

isfy all physical needs. That afternoon, while exploring the shore of the lake, we made our acquaintance with the Adirondack open camp, or "lean-to", lined with balsam boughs on which to sit or lie in the evening and spin yarns while the camp-fire blazes in front. We all wanted to try the game and those who had cameras took appropriate pictures. We must have come at the wrong time of the year, however, for, alas for the romance of an Adirondack lodge, no one seemed to care to brave the attacks of the mosquitos and flies which filled the woods about sundown. All sought the refuge of the hotel piazza enveloped in a stifling smudge from burning green hay or retired early to well screened bedrooms to catch up on the lost sleep question.

Tuesday morning we started for Blue Mountain Lake over the Raquette Lake Railroad. Until within a few years this country was an almost unbroken wilderness and the road even now runs through the heavy woods in a clearing so narrow that the trees shade the train and the full effect of the forest can be enjoyed. The trip through Raquette Lake, the "queen of the Adirondacks" which owes its name to its very irregular outline, gave many opportunities for those with cameras to get fine pictures. From Raquette Lake there was a short trip along Marion River winding through a stretch of forest famed for deer hunting. Then came a portage to Utowana Lake of about a mile by a primitive train of discarded Brooklyn open horse-cars drawn by a diminutive locomotive over a creaking railroad.

Our English friend was much interested in the fauna of the Adirondacks and we hoped at this point we could show him at least one bear. Perhaps the Adirondack bears like those in the Yellowstone are shy early in the summer visitor season, for we did not get a glimpse of one of them. The only fauna we saw aside from the birds were chipmunks, red squirrels, one woodchuck, and two rabbits. In Eagle Lake we passed the famous old eagle's nest and some of the ladies were in rap-

tures over the herons which they thought were eagles. We passed beavers' houses, which we admired on faith, since no one had ever seen beavers working on them. On Blue Mountain Lake even the most self-contained became enthusiastic over its beauties. From its charm of outline, its wooded and rocky islands, its purity and loveliness, it well deserves its claim as the pearl of all the wilderness waters. It claims with Lake Placid to be the loveliest lake in the eastern states. Across the lake is Blue Mountain with its blue dome rising to a height of 4,000 feet. Its forest clad side slopes directly to the water's edge inviting the mountain climbers to try their mettle. We left the steamer here and were carried by automobile about a mile up one of the hills to the Blue Mountain House where we had a glorious view of the lake. It seemed a pity to waste time on dinner, but we did and found it most delectable. Although the thermometer stood in the nineties, four of the men, our English friend among them, climbed Blue Mountain. The less strenuous rested and enjoyed the view and the beauties of a wonderful garden nearby in the woods. The return trip to Eagle Bay made in the cool of afternoon and evening was enjoyed perhaps even more than the morning trip.

We were beguiled on this excursion as on others by frequent comparisons between English and American customs and scenery. This added much to our enjoyment and knowledge because we could look at things from two points of view. One observation which struck us as novel was that the English mountains were better than the American because they were usually treeless. Aside from the economic axiom according to which this is a fault, we considered this position untenable, as we thought the barren, dead, English mountains we had seen would be much more beautiful if clothed with living green. However, when we were told that it was more enjoyable climbing English mountains because there were no underbrush and trees to impede one and shut

out the view and the breeze, we agreed it all depended on the point of view and the weather.

The next morning, Wednesday, after a swim in the lake, some climbed Eagle Mountain just back of the hotel. This was an easy climb and from the "shelter" at the top there was a fine view of the lake. This beautiful lake region is still wild and primitive, there are few pretentious camps or hotels and it is not generally known. More should visit this country to enjoy its beauty before it becomes the resort of wealth and fashion. At noon we left this beautiful spot and, with many regrets, parted with Mr. Brown, our efficient guide to this region. We went on by train by way of Carter and Saranac Inn Station to the Lake Placid Club, our headquarters for the next four days. A delay in train connections at Saranac gave us a chance to ride about this famous resort where Stevenson once spent a winter in search of health. One of the interesting sights was an imitation Alaskan camp with log huts and Esquimaux dogs for the use of a moving picture making company, when showing scenes in the wild northwest. The imitation of the northwest was so good that it took considerable mental effort to realize we were still in the Empire State with civilized life all about us.

So many good things had been planned for us at Lake Placid, that we were often at a loss what to choose. We usually tried to do everything. The first evening Mr. Dewey welcomed us and the other librarians, who had gone directly to the Lake Placid Club from the Catskills, with a good supper in a special dining room where we could all eat together. He then outlined the plan of entertainment during our stay, delegating his son, Godfrey, to carry out details and attend to our comfort and well-being. To these three, Mr. Melvil Dewey, Miss Katharine L. Sharp, and Mr. Godfrey Dewey, the party is most grateful for the welcome they received and the good time they enjoyed. The Lake Placid holiday will be long remembered with de-

light by those fortunate enough to enjoy it.

The entertainment included automobile tours on several days to the famous places in the Adirondacks, covering a territory that would take several weeks to explore in the ordinary way. When we left Lake Placid we felt we ought to suffer from a case of Adirondack travel indigestion.

Thursday morning two parties were ready to start at 6:30 in the Stanley steamers driven by Mr. Godfrey Dewey and Mr. Hubert Stevens for an all day trip of about 110 miles. It was a glorious day and the early morning ride in the cool, bracing air made us forget every care and worry. We followed the West Branch of the Ausable River, with the road crossing it many times and often winding beside it on narrow ledges with the mountains towering above us where we could get the proper thrills of danger. We all felt confidence in our chauffeurs and enjoyed equally the swift runs on the level state roads, the racing up the steep mountain roads and the swift plunges into the valleys. We stopped for a moment at the beautiful Wilmington High Falls and then sped on to Ausable Chasm. We explored the Chasm and made the trip by boat through the gorge. This seemed a bit perilous and, although assured there had never been an accident, we took our places in the boat with an uneasy feeling. The ride on the swift, deep river in this wonderful cleft in the mountain was, however, all too short. We would have lingered to enjoy the wonders and beauty of the gorge festooned with vines and banked with ferns which found a congenial home in its limestone walls, but there was a long journey ahead. We climbed the walls of the Chasm to our waiting automobiles and were soon speeding south, with Lake Champlain on our left and the Bouquet River for company along our road. Occasional stops were made to take on water, sometimes from the hose at a friendly hotel, sometimes from a brook, and once from the stock drinking-trough at a farm house where the agitated farmer's wife

was fearful that our great machine was going to pump the trough dry. At Westport Inn we joined the other party, and had a rest on the cool piazza and a good dinner. In the afternoon we ran west through Elizabethtown to the mountains again, stopping for a moment to cheer our friends in the other car who had punctured a tire. Our turn to stop for repairs came soon, when our friends extended their advice and sympathetic aid and passed on. In a few miles more we began to climb a narrow mountain road which seemed impassable in places, and were enjoying the wild scenery when another tire puncture held us up in a lonely place, remote from the telephone. A family touring party in another automobile stopped to offer aid, but they could not help us. The women in that party inquired if there were wild animals thereabouts and, when assured that there were lynxes, bears and other fearsome beasts in the woods, they besought their men folks to hasten on before the dark should overtake them. For a number of miles we crept along in a crippled condition to St. Hubert's Inn, where we waited several hours till a new tire could be sent from home. The rest of the trip was largely after dark over rough, narrow, precipitous roads along the Cascade Lakes where we had our fill of the spice of danger of mountain night travel. We reached home too late to attend the council fire at Iroquois Lodge.

Friday, July Fourth, was celebrated by the absence of fire-crackers and fire-works and other nerve racking and dangerous devices. Instead, a competitive prize fire drill by the Club fire department was held. Guests could thus see how secure against harm from fire life and property are at the Club. Under Miss Sharp's guidance, a tour of the Club property was made in the afternoon, and we saw how the comfort and well-being of the guests were cared for in the various departments, such as the laundry and the kitchens. Informal tea was served at Miss Sharp's cottage, The Larches, where Mrs. Frederick M. Crunden assisted Miss Sharp in dispensing

good cheer. That evening the party enjoyed an informal banquet, with Mr. Dewey, Miss Sharp, and other resident members of the A. L. A. present. Just as the dinner closed, the bonfire on the lake was started and the beautiful and unusual spectacle was enjoyed of viewing the fire through a curtain of water from one of the powerful fire hydrants.

On Saturday several short automobile rides were taken in the morning, including one to the home and grave of John Brown, of Ossawatimie, now the property of the State. In the afternoon the party was taken by launch to Moose Island in Lake Placid and had a picnic lunch before a camp fire in a typical Adirondack shelter fragrant with fir balsam boughs. On the ride home mist and rain lent mystery to the beauties of the lake, and just before the trip ended double rainbows proclaimed the end of the storm and a fair day for the morrow. That night a delightful dinner was given the party at Iroquois Lodge which was graced by the presence of Mrs. Dewey. A charming feature of the dinner was the arrangement of lighting wholly by candles in rustic candlesticks of white birch, some of which were used to light our way home through the woods, and treasured afterwards as souvenirs. After dinner the company assembled in the council chamber and listened to a graphic story by Mr. Dewey of the origin and growth of the Lake Placid Club. Originally planned to afford an inexpensive, sane, healthful vacation for educational and literary workers, including librarians, it had surpassed all expectations in its success and growth. Before the party broke up the thanks and appreciation of all for the good time enjoyed at Lake Placid as Mr. Dewey's guests were voiced by Mr. Hill, Mr. Thwaites, and Miss Ahern. Mr. Jast brought a message of appreciation from over seas where, he said, Dewey is a household word in the library world. All spoke in a reminiscent vein and expressed the hope that Mr. Dewey might again take active part in library work.

A small party climbed Whiteface that

day and had a rather rough experience, particularly on the descent owing to the heavy rain.

On Sunday automobiles carried the party through Saranac to beautiful Loon Lake, one of the famous, old-time Adirondack resorts, where we stopped for a few minutes, and then went on to Paul Smith's on lower St. Regis Lake, perhaps the oldest and best known Adirondack hotel. Here, as at the Westport Inn, we were guests of the proprietor at a fine dinner. The hotel also arranged a boat trip for us through the Lower St. Regis, Spitfire, and Upper St. Regis Lakes where we saw some of the finest of the Adirondack camps. On our way home we visited two famous sanitariums for the cure of tuberculosis, the state institution at Ray Brook and Trudeau's Sanitarium, a private, endowed hospital. On this trip no breakdowns marred the pleasure, and, aside from a little delay in starting owing to the agitation of a timid lady from Chicago who found herself alone on a rear seat with two mild men, all events

came off as scheduled. It might be noted in passing that on all the automobile trips there were at least two and sometimes three men in each car, a marked advance as compared with the famous White Mountain coaching trip with one man to a coach.

This day, which was perfect in its sunshine and cool, bracing air, was the climax of the trip. With keen regret we gathered to bid good-bye to our hosts at Mrs. Dewey's afternoon tea. This Post Conference will long be remembered as one of the best of them all.

The party broke up that night. A few stayed on for a rest at Lake Placid and the others took their ways homeward. Some journeyed down Lake Champlain and Lake George, and one stopped at Saratoga to be lost in wonder at the huge hotels where all the A. L. A. might easily be housed in comfort and elegance should that body ever meet there.

JOHN G. MOULTON.